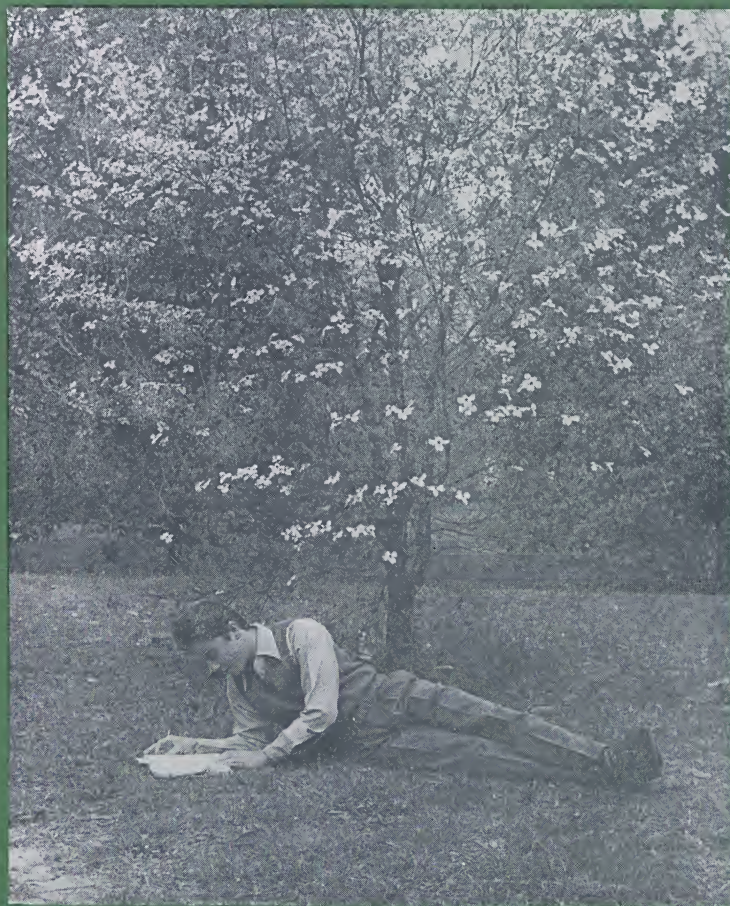


THE STUDENT

VOL. LIX
NO. 5

SPRING 1943



THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE



TROUBLE FOR TOJO! It's the new Curtiss "Helldiver," the Navy's latest dive-bomber, designed to carry a bigger bomb-load than any naval dive-bomber in existence. At the controls in this test dive, photographed above, is Barton T. Hulse, who learned his flying in the Navy... smokes the Navy man's favorite—Camel.

"There's just one cigarette for me—**CAMEL**—they suit my throat and my taste to a 'T'"

says

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The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)



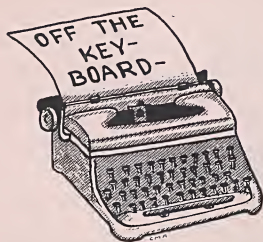
THE ZONE



—where cigarettes are judged

The "I-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "I-ZONE" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



SPRING has come to Wake Forest again. The season found that some things have changed in the course of a year, many things are gone, but that Wake Forest students, tired of the cold winds, icy rains, and bleak days of winter, awaited her coming as eagerly as ever.

In the past we have known spring by excited shouts from baseball bleachers as a hitter lifted the horsehide sphere high into the air; walks over the grassy hills of the golf course; the swish of the tennis racket to meet the approaching ball; peals of laughter and gurgles of pleasure from the swimming pool; droopy eyelids; cool, loose clothing and light colored footwear as we chucked aside overcoats and sweaters; the lightly turning of the young man's fancy; students retreating from the sultry atmosphere of classrooms to the cool, green grass beneath the shade of dogwood and magnolia trees.

This year baseball, a vital part of spring at Wake Forest, has gone, and we have to content ourselves with late afternoon games of softball on Gore Field. The USO has the community house and by the same virtue the only swimming pool in the vicinity. But in other respects spring at Wake Forest is much the same as in past years. Our spirits soar as we anxiously await the peal of the bell to dismiss class for the afternoon, so that we may go for a round of golf, a tennis match, or with our books to the soothing shade of a dogwood or magnolia tree, where we may sprawl lazily on the grass to look over our lessons for the next day.

Next spring may find Wake Forest in another war year, but she will find those students who might still be here, looking forward to her arrival and the joy that is spring in Wake Forest.

The Student

of Wake Forest College



VOLUME LIX

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The Staff

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Dr. H. B. Jones.....	Faculty Adviser
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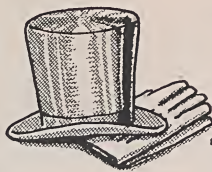
Gil Brande

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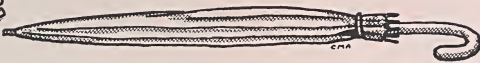
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Cover by Jim Middleton

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Strictly Incidental



• From our Hats Off corner this issue, THE STUDENT salutes publications stalwart William Berry Primm,



man of many positions, who left with departing ERC students several weeks ago, as perhaps the most versatile to walk from the college's doors in many years.

His was a phenomenal rise. His freshman year, Primm was nominated for president of his class, was swamped in the primary to stand by and watch two other classmates fight it out for the position. Last spring, in the latter half of his junior year, Kappa Sigma's Primm was again nominated—again for the presidency of his class, this year's senior class. The then active Student Political Union realized Primm's strength as a vote-getter, did not bother to name a candidate to oppose him. He slid into office uncontested.

Since that freshman year, the versatile youth from Rome, Georgia, has gone places in campus life. When he left Wake Forest to don khaki for Uncle Sam, dangling from his key chain were symbols of membership in Phi Beta Kappa, ODK, *Who's Who Among Students* (the latter two acquired first semester of his junior year), the Monogram Club, and the Student Council.

In the course of this year Primm was in the limelight of campus activity as college sports publicist, sports editor of *Old Gold and Black* (a post which he also held last year), editor of *Old Gold and Black* since December, 1942, when former editor Bob Gallimore was drafted, president of the senior class, president of the monogram club (he was a three-letter man on the college baseball team), member of the student council, an active fraternity man.

Georgian Primm left many cam-

pus positions, jobs which he filled capably and efficiently, to enter the U. S. armed forces. THE STUDENT offers a salute—Wake Forest has had few men like him.



• An astronomy student was telling us the other day of a rather humorous incident that occurred recently in the observatory over Lea Laboratory. It seems that Fessor Carroll had carried the class up to get a glimpse of the full moon through the telescope, in order that they might observe the craters, lunar seas, moon pies and what-have-you on the planet's surface. The line formed around the telescope, and each student excitedly waited his turn. Suspense was heavy. The first observer stood squinting through the long barrel of the telescope for some time, finally murmured an awed, "God!" "Aw, go on," playfully joshed Fessor, "it ain't that powerful, is it?" Potential astronomers snickered.



• Ensign Tom Ivey "Boredface" Davis, renowned *Old Gold and Black* business manager of two years past, was in Deacontown a couple of weekends ago for a visit to brother John Dixon and the "old gang." Since he was commissioned in the U. S. Naval Reserve a year ago, "Bored" has been operating on a coastal patrol boat, of which he himself is skipper, from the Charleston base.



Ensign Davis was telling of several interesting exploits on the Atlantic Coast, one of which was the acquiring of a mascot for his boat. It seems that he and his crew were plowing along through the billows late one afternoon when they espied a steel life raft tossing about on the

waves. Hastily they sped to the rescue. In the raft they found nothing but some discarded clothes (indicating that some human had at one time been on board), an unopened can of beans, a can opener, a hunting knife, a small compass, and a mother cat with seven young kittens. Their booty they took back to the base, but they kept one of the kittens on their boat for a mascot. The appropriate name given it: "Eureka."



• A recent issue of the *N. C. State Wataugan* carried an enlightening revelation which we thought would possibly be interesting to pass on to our readers. Occasion was the publication of the official election returns of the N. C. State A. K. Chapter of Alpha Sigma Sigma, honorary you-know-what fraternity. In a write-up of the illustrious history of the organization, said the *Wataugan*: "Since its organization, the grand old fraternity has grown until it boasts chapters in practically every recognized college in the country and claims that it has potential members at every school. The purpose of the organization is to bring about a better understanding between this type of student and his classmates. Wake Forest and Carolina maintain the largest two chapters in the United States."

Well, well. Look who's talking.



• History repeated itself recently in the case of two Wake Forest alumni in the Pacific War theatre. Fred Welch, '41, former Deacon football player and president of Kappa Sigma fraternity, in a letter to Kappa Sig prexy Jack Baldwin told of an unusual meeting with a brother somewhere on the Pacific for a second time under similar circumstances.

It seems that while in school here, (Continued on page 15)

Of Cabbages and Profs

Faculty Members Don Overalls to Go All Out for Victory in Uncle Sam's Food for Freedom Program

By LESLIE FOWLER

IF YOU ARE WALKING around Wake Forest and see a man in worn, smudgy overalls, battered hat and muddy shoes, speak kindly to him. He will probably be one of your professors whom you may have difficulty in recognizing in work clothes, in contrast to his well-groomed appearance in class.

For the Wake Forest faculty has gone in for victory gardens. Even those who have never wielded a hoe before and had to buy books on "How to Farm" have bought dozens of seed packets, and have been stick-



eat, and furthermore they intend to eat well!

Gardening is not new to many of the professors. Dr. Pearson is one of those experts who have been gardening for years. It is such a commonplace thing for him that he insists that his is not a victory garden, but just a garden as it has been for years. Others, including Dean Bryan, Professor Gay and Mr. Patterson, have had much experience, but such greenhorns as Dr. Folk found it necessary to seek advice from the more experienced, especially about potato planting.

Coach Utley's garden, which is approximately one hundred by one hundred and fifty feet, is one of the largest. However, the Stansbury, Gay, Pearson, Bryan, McDonald-Stroupe, Griffin, Olive, Easley, Rea,



Brown, and Clonts plots are large enough to yield a large quantity of vegetables for immediate consumption and for canning. Dr. H. B. Jones frankly admits that his victory

garden is small and that it is not looking very victorious.

The most popular vegetables are the old standbys: cabbage, lettuce, onions, beets, string beans, okra, squash, green peas, potatoes, etc. Professor Memory will probably plant a large supply of okra. Last year he planted an acre. Tomatoes, corn, and the other late summer vegetables will be planted in due time. Carrots are very "good" this season. They, as do the leafy vegetables, cabbage, lettuce, etc., contain a large amount of Vitamin A,



ing them in the ground in one fashion or another.

Since Secretary of Agriculture Wickard announced in the fall after Pearl Harbor his goal which he called "the greatest production in the history of agriculture," there has been an increase in Wake Forest back yard activities. Before the actual planting long hours were spent dreaming with a seed catalogue. (Professor Aycock was one of those dreamers who particularly enjoyed the seed catalogue stage.) After this came the plowing, and in March and early April the seeds were planted.

Now in faculty backyards where formerly there were rows of snapdragons, the delicate heads of allium cepa (onions to the uninitiated) have made an appearance. Students who have been worrying about the faculty food supply can now find peace of mind. Our professors will

which is a necessity for good vision. (The better to read papers with, students.) In the Stansbury garden there will be, in addition to the customary flora, red raspberries, strawberries, and parsnips. The Pattersons intend to plant sweet potatoes after having made a successful crop last year.

Several have combined their resources and are planting gardens together. The Cockes have a share in two gardens, one with the Earps and one with the Wyatts. The Stroupe's are share cropping with the McDonalds, Mr. McDonald bearing the financial burden and Dr. Stroupe doing the work. Dr. Speas has shares in gardens with Dr. Parker and Professor Memory. Thus the coöperative spirit persists.

Our professors are not only growing vegetables this season—in many backyards there are fruit trees and
(Continued on page 14)

For Rent: One Diamond

For the First Time Since the Turn of the Century, Gore Field is Minus the Presence of Wake Forest's Oldest Sport

By KEN NELSON

LATE IN FEBRUARY the Athletic Director, the President, and the Bursar met. Not long after, they issued a streamer story to the *Old Gold and Black* sports editor. "There will be no more baseball as long as the war lasts," they said.

And so did Wake Forest's favorite spring sport, and the college's oldest sport, quietly go the way of tennis, golf, and track, also stored for the duration. A few of the veteran diamondmen got together for one or two games with professionals and "B" teams from other colleges, but the ERC called up several of the best players and put a stop to that. And for the first time since the turn of the century, Wake Forest was left without the slightest semblance of a baseball nine.

However, there is little doubt that the game will be revived here after the war. Since that day in 1866 when the diamond sport was played in Deacontown for the first time, baseball at Wake Forest has survived two wars, and this one should prove no exception.

Although it lacks a little of the color that goes with football, baseball is as well liked at Wake Forest as the grid-iron game. As the college's oldest sport, it has had a colorful place in Wake Forest sports history.

As has been the case with most athletics, baseball had no easy time in making a place for itself in the sports program at Wake Forest. In fact, the records show that it did not become permanently established here until 1902.

It seems that in the early days most non-participants gave no encouragement and showed little interest in the game. Consequently, no progress was made during the first few years. And then in the early 1870's when the sport finally did begin to take on popularity at Wake Forest, Southern colleges were invaded by professional players who migrated from the North to the warmer climate where they were able to start playing ball much earlier in the year. With these professionals overrunning the schools, collegiate baseball was at a standstill.

However, by 1889 professionalism had been eliminated in most of the colleges. The Deacon nine of that

year enjoyed a good season, and baseball at Wake Forest had started on the upgrade once again. Each year the sport gained more popularity, and Wake Forest continued to turn out good teams.

The 1894 Deacon baseballers, who played four of their games on a trip through Virginia, finished the season with but one defeat. R. T. Daniel, father of "Hobo" Daniel, Wake Forest football star of several seasons ago, captained the team of that year. Another outstanding player for the Deacs that season was Sam Holding, now a local doctor.

In 1896 thirteen contests, the largest number ever scheduled by Wake Forest up to that time, were played, and it appeared that baseball was here to stay. However, when the Spanish-American War broke out, enthusiasm for the game died, and little baseball was played in Deacontown for several years.

After the turn of the century, however, the diamond sport had its real beginning here. John G. Mills, son of a Wake Forest professor, became the first official coach of baseball here in 1902. That season, sparked by Odes "Reddy" Mull, a hard-hitting outfielder, Wake Forest won eight of the ten games played. With Mull back the next year, the Deacs won their first seven contests but then met stronger opposition and ended the season with eight wins and nine losses. Captain Ray Dunn, Henry Harris, and Fred Sams were other outstanding players of the 1903 squad.

In 1904, with S. R. Edwards doing most of the pitching, Wake Forest defeated five of North Carolina's strongest teams and claimed the unofficial state title. The following year, with a new coach, Dick Crozier, the Deacs had another good season and again claimed the state championship. Leading players that year were Captain Earl Smith, S. O. Hamrick, and George Goodwyn.

For the next four years Deacon teams were only mediocre, but in 1910, 1911, and 1912, Wake Forest once again put out the best clubs in the state. During the 1910 season Phil Utley, now director of gymnasium, turned in one of the best pitching performances in the



The Late Coach John

He turned out champions.

history of college baseball up to that time when he allowed only one hit as the Deacons defeated Carolina in thirteen innings. In 1911 Utley was captain of the



team, but because of a shoulder injury was unable to pitch. However, he shifted to first base and continued top-notch playing.

Gaither Beam, whose son is a sophomore at Wake Forest now, was a star outfielder for the 1912 nine. The leading hitter of that year's team was Sam Turner, whose .374 batting average was unusually high for a college player in those days.

Led by the pitching of H. H. Cuthrell, who struck out fourteen straight batters in one game, and the hitting of captain G. M. Billings, the 1913 outfit became not only the best team in North Carolina, but also one of the outstanding clubs in the South. The Deacons were victorious in 23 of the 26 games played that year.

Following that extraordinary season, Wake Forest had only average teams for the next few years, and in 1917 and 1918, the war, as had the last one, caused a decline in baseball here. But the Deacons weren't held back for long, and in 1919, under the direction of Coach I. E. Carlyle, Wake Forest defeated every other college team in North Carolina to capture the state title again. That year the dependable pitching of Sax Barnes and the home runs of F. A. Blanchard were extremely helpful to the Deacs.

It was six years before Wake finished on top again. That was in 1925, the year that Frank Armstrong, now a brigadier general with the American Bomber Command in England, captained the Deacs to the state championship. Two of Armstrong's teammates that season were Murray Greason, present Deacon basketball and baseball mentor, and Vic Sorrell, who later pitched for the

Detroit Tigers. All three gained berths on the All-State nine.

In 1926 John C. Caddell, who had been turning out championship freshman teams for five years, was appointed varsity mentor. His first Deacon nine won nineteen and lost seven to capture the state title. His Deacs finished the next season with a record of thirteen victories and four defeats and placed second in the Big Five.

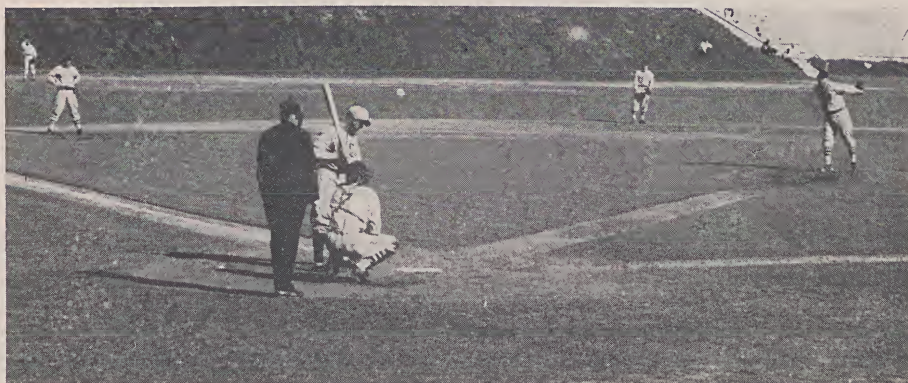
Those first two varsity squads turned out by Coach John exemplify the rest. In the nineteen years that he directed Wake Forest baseball teams, both freshman and varsity, his teams were either state champions or runners-up every season but two.

Coach John turned out his best clubs in 1932, 1933, 1936, and 1937. Junie Barnes' pitching along with the hitting of "Monk" Joyner and Johnnie Hicks were decisive in winning the state title in '32. And when all three returned the next year, the Deacs were almost certain of repeating. But the three stars were injured in an automobile accident early in the season and never again regained their full strength. Even so, Wake finished second in the Big Five that year.

The pitching staff of John Gaddy, Forrest Glass, and Carl Byrd plus the outfield of Doyt Morris, Dwight Hall, and Eddie Yount were responsible for the success of the '36 team, which won nine and lost four against Big Five competition to win the state championship. With many of the same players back the following season, the Deacons won twenty-one games while losing four and were state champs again.

Four men who played ball under Coach John at Wake Forest have made good in the major leagues. John Buddy Lewis, who was a member of the 1934 freshman team, played regularly with the Washington Nationals

(Continued on page 16)



A game scene on Gore Field
There'll be no more for the duration.

Noblest Offerings of Worship

Dr. Hubert McNeill Poteat Has Done Much to
Increase an Appreciation of the Standard
Church Hymn Among Wake Forest Students

By MARTHA ANN ALLEN

DR. HUBERT McNEILL POTEAT is listed in the Wake Forest College catalogue as teacher of Latin at Wake Forest College. Behind that title is found a man who has taught Wake Forest men much more, a part being the love and appreciation of the standard church hymn.

One of his primary purposes in this work has been to obliterate from the minds of people with whom he came in contact the liking for the cheap gospel hymn, which has grown in popularity tremendously in the last decade. Dr. Hubert has waged a righteous war on this "secular" music for more than twenty years. During the thirty or more years that he was organist and choir director for the Wake Forest Baptist Church, he allowed only the stately beautiful church hymn to be sung in the church. This practice bred an appreciation for the standard hymn into the Wake Forest student, and this appreciation grows and flourishes with years.

While in school here the students are not aware of any definite change in their musical tastes; in fact, it seems to be true that the men have to get away from school and think back before they realize that their appreciation of the church hymn was elevated during their stay at Wake Forest. Then they remember going to church and singing rather different songs from some they had sung at home, and how slowly they came to appreciate the good hymn in preference to the cheap ones.

Concerning his travels over North Carolina to Baptist churches in every spot, Dr. O. T. Binkley remarked one day, "I have talked with graduates of Wake Forest in many places, and one thing they always mention is the music they used to hear in the church here and Dr. Poteat at the organ."

Students have often heard him skillfully undress the popular "gospel" or cheap hymn, and then say, "I think the church hymn is the most beautiful music ever written." He believes in the genuine hymn as strongly as he detests the hymn which is a poor imitation of jazz. In his book *Practical Hymnology*, he clearly takes his stand: "Our Lord is no mumbo-jumbo deity to be propitiated with dance hall ditties; He merits and demands the best and the noblest offerings of worship that we can bring, and the emotions and aspirations that ascend to Him on the pinions of song are too divine, too sacred, to be degraded and defiled by the cheap jingle of the street."

Dr. Poteat has a lecture based on this book which he has given over 250 times all over the country from Kansas City to Richmond to Atlanta. This lecture is a rare combination of humor and good common sense which shows how ridiculous swing hymns like "Brighten in the Corner" sound when sung side by side with "Onward, Christian Soldiers." You can imagine a song leader shouting to a congregation to "pep it up" by

whistling the verses of "Love Lifted Me," then "sing out" on the chorus. No one would have the effrontery to abuse one of the grand old songs like "Beneath the Cross of Jesus" in a like manner.

Dr. Poteat still gives his lecture; in fact, on April 27, he gave it to the ministerial conference at Wake Forest.

However, better than his work as a musician, an author and a lecturer, is the personal contact and association with the students themselves, and his influence there.

One of the interesting results of his influence on the musical tastes in hymns on Wake Forest students has been the development of a keen appreciation of the good hymn in the ministerial students who go to the seminary.

What better person is there to recognize this effect on the students than one who deals with the musical education of the students at the seminaries? Statements from two just such men instigated this article.

I. E. Reynolds, director of music at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary at Fort Worth, Texas, says, "It is interesting to note Dr. Poteat's influence upon students who have come to our school from Wake Forest. Their appreciation of the standard hymns has been high. I feel sure, also, that he will never realize the wonderful impression he has made in this respect through his teaching and association with the students at Wake Forest College through the years."

Another man who is in the position to observe the ministerial students from colleges and universities all over the country and know their appreciation of the good

(Continued on page 12)



Dr. Hubert Poteat

"Our Lord is no mumbo-jumbo deity. . . ."

A Moment of Beauty

In Moon-flooded Woodlands a Spectre of
Beauty Came to Him Enchanting the Air

By PAUL BRUNNER

*Far down the broad path
Of the woodlands we went,
And night fell about us
For daylight was spent.*

*Then thick rolled about us
The blackness of night—
My love gripped my hand
With a passion of fright.
So softly the wind sang
A sweet lullaby—
Enraptured we thrilled
To the whippoorwill's cry.
A velvety blackness
Enveloped the wood
'Till scarce I could see her
Though by me she stood.
Close pressing beside me,
Her breath touched my ear,
While whispering softly
I banished her fear.
Oh sweet, oh how sweet
Was the rapture I felt,
While burning within me
My heart seemed to melt.
Then trembling we stood
In the chilling night air—
The night stole her from me,
Enclosing her there.
"If but I could see you,
My loved one," I cried.
And leaning her head
On my bosom, she sighed,
"My darling, I love you,"
Her hand touched my face
And left there a burning
I could not erase.*

*But suddenly streamed
From the blackness above
A moonbeam of silver*

*That fell on my love.
"A cloud has just broken
To set the moon free,
To bathe us in lovelight,
My darling and me."
The trees all about us
Came into the view
And down through the woodlands
The path stretched anew.
I saw there my loved one,
Alive in the light—
A spectre of beauty
All thrillingly white.
The moon struck her eyes
And they sparkled at me,
Like salt-spray flung diamonds
That leap from the sea.
Her hair glistened oddly,
With luster unknown,
With beauty that only
An angel could own.
"You must be the spirit
Of beauty," I cried,
Her bosom heaved gently,
She once again sighed.*

*And then with the speed
And quickness of light
She melted and faded
Away from my sight.
"O, why steal her from me,
You clouds high above?
Please free the soft moonlight,
And give me my Love!"
But darkness enclosed us
And trembling we stood,
Our hearts singing wildly
With birds of the wood.
In moon-flooded woodlands
I still see her there,
A spectre of beauty—
Enchanting the air.*

'No Character at All'

Sarah Wanted to be an Honest, Hard-working
Negro, but Mrs. Simmons Wouldn't Let Her

By ELIZABETH JONES

TO THE CASUAL observer it would seem to be the living room of a typical middle-class family. But Mrs. Simmons did not consider herself middle-class. She was an example of a big frog in a little pond. The little pond was a small town in North Carolina, and Mrs. Simmons was right on the top rung of the town's short social ladder.

A green rug covered the floor of the room. Green and white flowered drapes hung from the windows. There were a few comfortable chairs in the room, but the rest of the furniture was of the antique variety.

A small Negro girl knelt on the floor beside a tiered table, languidly dusting the jumbled collection of what-nots and humming softly to herself. The high cheekbones of her rather blank face bore heavy traces of rouge, but the red coloring seemed quite out of place on such a dark complexion. Her naturally kinky hair had succumbed to treatments of oil and lay close to her head. Her red print dress strained at the seams; there was an unattended rip under the right arm. And the toes of her shoes were cut out, for their former owner had had smaller feet.

But about the girl there was a certain suppleness and grace which was a part of her African heritage.

Parts of a telephone conversation drifted from the next room and the Negro girl listened unashamedly.

"Not really," sounded a shrill voice, "I never would have believed it of her. . . . But then she always was a little queer. . . . Yes, I was telling Roger only yesterday that. . . ."

The girl continued to dust idly until the conversation ended. As Mrs. Simmons entered the room she turned to her task with renewed diligence.

"Sarah!" said Mrs. Simmons with exasperation. "Are you still dusting that one table? It seems to me you get slower every day."

"Dis table's mighty hard to dus', Miz Simmons," the girl answered in her soft drawl. "I dus' an' dus' an' it seems like I find more dus' all de time."

The white woman turned away. She paused for a moment in front of the mirror to adjust her carefully waved hair. Her reflection was quite satisfactory to her. Her complexion was still good and very pale. Her nose was aristocratic. To be sure, there were a few touches of gray in her hair, but they added to the dignity of her appearance. Yes, on the whole, her looks suited Mrs. Simmons perfectly, and she turned from the mirror with an expression of complacency.

Sarah moved on to the piano keys. Nobody ever played the piano, but it remained in the living room for appearance. Mrs. Simmons sat down to her desk and picked up an account book.

"Dear me," she murmured to herself, "these bills are so baffling. Now I'm sure that I had more money in the bank last month than that. And I do not remember buying a hat. I'm sure I didn't buy a hat. Sarah," she called to the maid, "I didn't buy a new hat this month, did I?"

"Yes'm," replied the maid. "It was a blue hat with a red feather."

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Simmons. In a minute a frown crossed her face again. She looked carefully over the surface of the desk and then bent over and looked on the floor under the desk. She straightened up.

"Sarah!" she said sharply. "I left a ten-dollar bill on the desk when I went to the 'phone. What happened to it?"

"I ain't seen no bill, Miz Simmons. Are you sure you left it there?"

"Don't be impertinent. Of course, I'm sure. I never make mistakes about things like that. I was going over my accounts here when I was called to the 'phone. And I left the ten dollars lying beside the book. You were the only person in the room. Now, what did you do with it?"

"Hones', I ain' seen it," Sarah said with fervor.

"Don't lie to me. Of course both of us know you took it. If you persist in lying to me you realize I will have to discharge you."

"Miz Simmons, I didn't take it. An' I need the money from dis job. I need it bad." Sarah was pitiful in her distress; her eyes were like the eyes of a whipped hound. But Mrs. Simmons was angry. She didn't think of the girl's situation at all. She simply realized that her money was gone, and Sarah was the only logical taker. So she said:

"That's enough, Sarah. You may get your things and leave at once."

As the girl turned slowly and with her head lowered, the white lady sent a parting thrust. "And be sure to take with you only what is yours."

The little house in colored town where Sarah lived with her mother and father contrasted sharply with the house in which she worked. The yard was hard dirt with one big oak and a few scraggly bushes as vegetation. But Sarah's mother was proud of her yard. She swept it carefully each way with a broom made of dogwood branches tied together with twine. She had outlined the walk and the tree with smooth, round stones. The little house seemed to crouch under the big oak, reminding one of the house wherein lived the crooked man who walked a crooked mile. And Sarah's father was so bent with rheumatism, and Lord knows what other ailments, that he might easily have been the crooked man himself.

With dragging steps Sarah went up the walk, up the sagging steps and in the door. It was a barren room. The

furniture consisted of a table, a few rickety chairs, and a small wood stove. On the table were a cluster of violets in a bottle, a Bible and a figure of a china dog. A work-aged woman was bent over the stove. A big apron was tied about her ample waist. Her hair was hidden by a cap made of a stocking. As Sarah entered the room her mother looked up.

"What you doin' home dis time of day for? Did Miz Simmons give you de day off?"

Sarah stood silent for a moment. Then she sank into a chair. "I been fired," she said.

Her mother looked at her with incredulity. "You ain't been fired."

"Yes'm," said Sarah, "I been fired."

The old Negro moved over to a chair and sat down.

"Why for," she asked, "Ain't you been doin' yo' work?"

"I been doin' my work all right." There was a pause.

"Miz Simmons said I stole some money."

Her mother leaned forward. "You didn't take it, did you?"

"No, I didn't take it. I don't know anything about her money. But you know how white folks is. Dey git a idea in their heads an' cain't nothin' change it."

"Yes, I know how dat is. But what we goin' to do? You know how sick yo' pappy is. De doctor say if he don't hav dat medacin' he sholy gonno die. We got to have dat medacin'."

Sarah nodded her head but said nothing. A weak voice called from the next room. "Is dat Sarah?"

"Yes, dat's Sarah," answered Sarah's mother. To her daughter she said, "Stay here with him, Sarah. I'm gonna talk to Miz Simmons."

Some time later Mrs. Simmons, still peeved from the troublesome experience of the morning, was called to the door by the buzzing of the bell. There on the doorstep stood Sarah's mother. Mrs. Simmons noted the shapeless hat pressed on her head, her nondescript old dress, and her floppy shoes.

"How do, ma'am," announced this person. "T'se Sarah's mother, an' I wan' to talk to you 'bout her."

"Really," said Mrs. Simmons frigidly, "there's nothing to say."

"Yes, ma'am," the Negro woman continued placidly, "but you mus' be wrong. Sarah's a good girl. I always brung her up in de fear of de Lawd, an' Sarah wouldn't take nobody's money."

"I'm afraid that there's no possibility of mistake in the matter," said Mrs. Simmons, her voice becoming more and more like ice.

"Sarah woudn' take no money like dat," the old woman repeated stubbornly.

"Well, if that is all you have to say—"

"Ma'am, if you won't believe me, please take Sarah back anyhow. It won't happen again. An' we got to hav



de money. Sarah's papa's flat on his back so sick de doctor say he cain't live without medacin'. An' de medacin' cost money—lots of money. De five dollars Sarah git each week is all we has. Used to be I could take in washin', but I'se had sech a miz'ry in my back lately I cain't do it no mo'. So please, ma'am, don't fire Sarah. We got to git the medacin' fo' her pa. An' we got to eat."

After this long speech the old woman stood there silent, with pleading eyes.

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Simmons. "Under the circumstances I couldn't possibly have her in the house again. I wouldn't feel safe. Perhaps Sarah can find another job in town."

The face of the mother dropped sadly and she shook her head with disappointment.

"But, ma'am, you know Sarah cain't git another job in town without you give her a character. Could you write one fo' her, please?"

"I'm afraid not," said the white woman sharply. "And now, good day." With a feeling of repulsion at the nerve of the old Negro, Mrs. Simmons abruptly closed the door, and the colored woman went slowly up the walk.

Mrs. Simmons went back into the living room, murmuring to herself, "These Negroes—give them an inch and they'll take a mile. What does she expect me to do after I caught the girl in the very act?"

She picked up her account book, laid aside since the incident of the morning. As she opened the book a piece of paper fluttered to the floor. The white lady leaned over and picked it up. A ten-dollar bill. Why, she must have put it into the book when she was called to the 'phone! How stupid! All that disturbance for nothing.

Then into her mind flashed the thought of the maid accused of taking the money. She saw the girl leaving the room slowly and silently. And she heard her saying, "Miz Simmons, don't fire me. I need de money. I need it bad."

"How utterly stupid," murmured the white woman, petulantly. "Now what am I to do—apologize to the girl? And after all that to-do? I can fairly see everyone gloating, grinning like jack-o'-lanterns behind my back . . . the story would certainly go the rounds. No, I can't apologize. After all, she probably has been taking things.

(Continued on page 13)

He Wanted to Be an Editor

Or a Compendious Biography of a College Journalist from the Cradle to the Deadline

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

It is well known among the members of human society that journalists and writers of any great calibre are born and not made. This may be the reason for the fate of the protagonist of this story. For it is well known too that those of highest quality have no trials and tribulations, and go merrily about their work, knowing full well that what they are doing is for the benefit of mankind, and is appreciated.

HE COULD not bawl "Extra!" before he could talk or walk, as he scampered across the floor in rompers and gurgled mysteriously to himself at the strange things about him. Nor had he cut his teeth on a type slug. He was a normal infant. He had not been seized by the compelling scent of printer's ink that might have wafted into his little two by four nursery from way over on the other side of town. And he, like all other normal babies throughout the town and nation, favored the sweet smell of Mennen's baby powder two to one, over the odor of the black fluid that conveyed the image of the lettered lead slug to the blank sheet. Evidently, he had not been born to be a journalist.

To begin with, then, we can assume that the Fourth Estate was not his calling. But so often in life ambitious youngsters forget to pay close attention to instructions, and turn to watch through the window a fleeting bird or a shapely woman passing by the room. Such must have been the case with our Hero, for his calling he did not hear.

When he became of age to sell newspapers he began his career in a big way, pounding the streets building a route for a morning daily, an evening daily, a comic weekly, and 25 copies of *The Saturday Evening Post* every week. Now most people before him had had the primary goal in view of someday becoming a vital part of the industry for which they were working. But

not so with him. It is true that as he grew, his love for the printed sheet grew, but ambition to be more than a paper carrier was not yet to seize him.

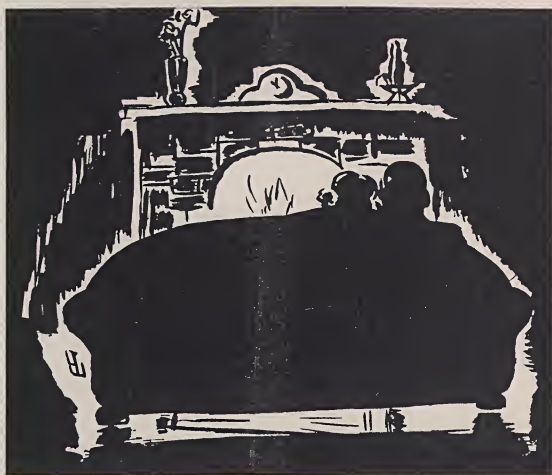
It first started in high school. There he worked on the school paper, of which he soon became one of the main cogs. From this sprang an ambition: a tiny leak at first, but soon welling into a good sized pool. The editor was the Extra High Grand God of the pressroom, and for that matter the high school student body, admired, revered, and respected by all. Although our Hero did not sit in the editor's chair at any time during his high school career, and had to content himself with plugging along to help, he dreamed the title and then and there decided that he would like to be an editor himself someday.

Time passed, and his ambition carried him to an institution of higher learning. In college he gladly accepted a position on the staff of the campus weekly as office boy, general runner of errands, and typer

over of sloppy copy, and from his first weeks on the staff he would gaze, with a bit of fear perhaps, but nonetheless, enviously, at the Chief as that one played the big shot on his throne in the little office. And he would murmur eagerly to himself, "Gee, I sure hope that I can be an editor someday. Just to think . . . have everybody admire you, and respect you and look up to you and for people to call you editor, and regard your position with envy as you bask in the knowledge of your vocation. Everybody respects an editor—the guiding light of his environment. Whoopee damn! I sure hope that I can be an editor some day."

Time tripped slowly forward; days, weeks, months, half-semester, and finally semesters, slipped slowly by in the passing current of time. His ambition was never sated. Kindling was heaped on the flame that flickered in his soul, and the fire burned brighter.

With the passing of time, prestige
(Continued on page 14)



—Purple Parrott.

"Throw another STUDENT on the fire"

A Modern Proposal

The Unmarried Man of Today Would
Find it Profitable to Wed a Cow

By BURNETTE HARVEY

'Tis the day of the chattel
Web to weave, and corn to grind;
Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind.

—EMERSON.

TODAY when the world is at war, when the future of men is being decided by machines, when technical and scientific developments are playing an unprecedented part in the retroactive evolution of civilization, it is time for thinking persons everywhere to take inventory and adjust their standards of value to modern trends. In the province of social organization, especially as relating to love, marriage and the family, one may see wide divergencies between modern, up-to-the-moment needs and judgments and the obsolete practices which are merely survivals of mankind's less enlightened ancestors. Surely there is no place for love between men and women with the spiritual and aesthetic qualities which it entails in the modern world. Recognizing this divergence between practice and standards and accepting the pragmatic tenet that whatever is most useful is good, I make this modern proposal.

The modern man should forsake the sentimental dilly-dallying necessitated by an amorous relation with a woman and seek to supply his needs, physical and spiritual (if such exist), by marrying a cow. There is little difficulty involved in such a scheme and so many advantages that it can hardly fail to recommend itself highly to the unmarried. There seems to be little hope that the contemporary thinker can offer to these unfortunate ones who are already entangled in the useless complexities of marriage to women. These unfortunates, however, have contributed admirably in other fields to the enlightenment of the unmarried. They have shown them by both precept and example that the truly necessary elements in living are ma-

terial and that each must discard altruistic notions and supply his own needs.

To the discerning suitor bovine wedlock offers untold benefits. Man's essential needs are undoubtedly physical, hunger being the most basic. Unlike the far less productive females of our own species, the cow's continuous lactation affords a rich and certain supply of food. Since the modern desires variety in his mates, he would find it comparatively simple and practical to slaughter one spouse when he tired of her and secure another for a negligible sum. The hide of his ex-mate could be used profitably for the production of necessary clothing. In cases of necessity before the day of automobiles returns, the strong back of a cow offers a slow yet certain mode of transportation. Such a scheme should be especially attractive to the modern small farmer, for without difficulty he could utilize his wife to pull his plow. Though love hardly seems necessary in the marriages of today, any reactionary participants in the scheme could easily form an adequate and feasibly earthy marital affection for the cow he happened to be using at any time.

It is evident, of course, that this modern proposal only provides for men. Since the keynote of our lives is strength and force, there doesn't seem to be a place in the enlightened world of the future for the weaker sex. We advocates of this proposal may reasonably hope that through continued neglect women will decrease in vitality and eventually become extinct. Only the most useful should survive, and the cow has obviously won that right.

The student of eugenics might legitimately question the conjugal efficacy of the plan. Since such a scheme has never been tried before, it is impossible to describe the kind of offspring we might expect or to asseverate that the union will not be

(Continued on page 15)

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THE STUDENT

Noblest Offerings of Worship

(Continued from page 6)

hymn is R. Inman Johnson, director of music at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville. In talking with some Wake Forest men at Ridgecrest several summers ago, he mentioned the high standard of appreciation of the true hymn among the boys who went to Louisville from here. In verifying this statement by mail, he stated, "It has been quite noticeable through the years that Wake Forest boys have had some training in

appreciation of good hymns. They are familiar with them and sing them. I have always attributed this to Dr. Poteat's influence. Many of our students from other places are thoroughly unfamiliar with what we know as the 'good hymn'."

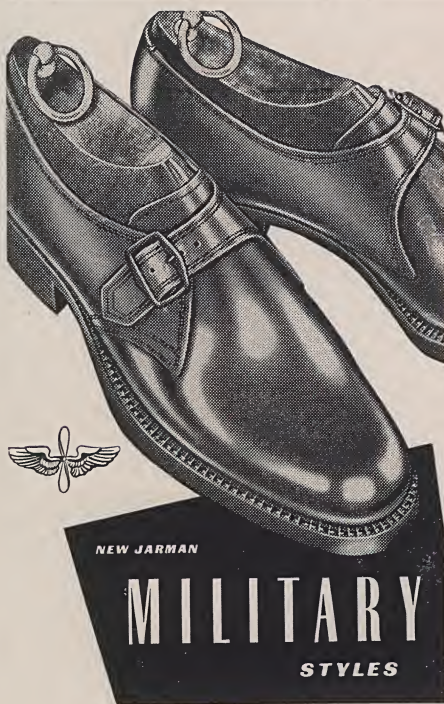
Not only is this influence noticed in boys just out of college, but men who have gone out to their own churches recognize in themselves the ability to build better worship through music because of the impression created on their minds by Dr. Poteat. Any one of the hundreds of preachers who have gone out from Wake Forest might be pointed out as an example of the lasting influence Dr. Poteat's war against the cheap hymn has had on him and his own church services.

One of these men is R. Paul Caudill, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Augusta, Georgia. Mr. Caudill says, "Whatever appreciation I may have of good church music, I attribute it in no small way to the influence of Dr. Hubert M. Poteat. He, more than any other individual I have known, assisted me in the cultivation of the ability to perceive and the capacity to enjoy good church music. He, more than anyone else, helped me to see the moral and spiritual value to be derived from a good standard hymn in the church."

It is only natural that Dr. Poteat's ideas on hymnology would be more readily absorbed by ministerial students, but at some time in the course of four years, all students hear something of this idea about doing away with secular hymns and they listen. Dr. Hubert doesn't try to shower anyone with an idea; he presents it as calmly as possible with his reasons, and students find his reasoning sound.

In *Practical Hymnology*, he pointed out the three ways to test a hymn: 1) the test of time, which makes it possible for a song to survive the pruning of hundreds of learned and devout men. Songs of this type which have survived the test of time are "Rock of Ages" and "Blest Be the Tie That Binds"; 2) the real and vital spiritual instinct which responds to the worshipfulness of a hymn. If the idea sung about is Heaven, then sing a song which expresses your idea of Heaven. Choose between the jingling measures of "I Will Shout His Praise in Glory" and the dignity and beauty in "Jerusalem, the Golden"; 3) the test of mature judgment.

Many a layman has unconsciously come under the influence of the good church hymn at Wake Forest, and years later that influence has come to light. When Joe Hamrick was in school here, he was interested in music, but he



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never thought he would be directing a church choir. Through his work as director of music in the schools in Fayetteville, he has become director of music at the First Baptist Church there. In speaking of the foundation for this job which he gained under Dr. Poteat, he gave his interpretation of Dr. Poteat's ideas: "You may rest assured that Dr. Hubert will have no part in tolerating the cheaper grade of so-called hymns that have been injected into many of our churches through the medium of radio and commercial hill-billy 'gospel' singers. On the other hand, he has long been a pioneer in promoting only the best in good standard hymn for use in our churches. I agree with Dr. Hubert thoroughly on this point and have made it a practice to use only good hymns in my work. I really would not know where to look for his equal in the field of hymnology, and I'm sure that his influence on our churches in the field of music is immeasurable."

It is indeed impossible to discover exactly how much this man has meant to music in the churches of North Carolina, but it is plausible to believe that wherever a Wake Forest man has settled, there an appreciation of good hymns took root.

Some men are able to point to Dr. Poteat as the foundation for their appreciation and enthusiasm for the cultivation of a love of the standard hymn. Others may never discover the basis of their resentment when a hill-billy band comes on the radio and announces that the hymn of the morning will be "Count Your Blessings," accompanied by Jeff on his guitar.

Whether the spirit for the love of good hymns came from Dr. Poteat himself or another, it is all a part of the movement stated in his book, "a sincere effort to fight the cheaper sort of popular (secular) songs."



'No Character at All'

(Continued from page 9)

I just hadn't noticed. All of them do. Perhaps if she asks me again I shall take her back. But it's really very stupid. And I detest scenes. Yes, the thing to do is just to let things stay as they are. It may teach her a lesson she deserves."

Several weeks later the incident had entirely slipped from Mrs. Simmons' mind. One afternoon she was entertaining at a table of bridge when the subject came up again. One of the ladies mentioned—

"That old Negro, Lucas Brown, died yesterday. It

seems that the doctor had told him he must take the medicine he prescribed if he wanted to get well. But you know how those people are. They think their own primitive remedies are better than anything science could offer."

A murmur of agreement ran about the table.

"Doesn't his daughter work for you?" asked the lady.

"No," said Mrs. Simmons. "She used to, but I discovered she was taking things and I had to discharge her. You know how those Negroes are—no character at all! Now let me see. I bid one spade."

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Of Cabbages and Profs

(Continued from page 3)

in a few cases, chickens. In the Utley-Timberlake back yard there are apple, peach and cherry trees. The Bryans and the Stansburys will also have fruit—if the cold weather did not do too much damage.

As for meat, several are settling that by rearing a family of chickens. Dean Bryan bought chickens, and across the street, Professor Gay is nursing a brood in his basement. He has built an elaborate pen for them and a small balcony "a la Romeo et Juliet."

On the other end of town, Coach Utley is using all of his spare time in constructing a full size chicken house on part of his garden lot. If these ventures are successful, it is probable that others will follow, and thus, another angle of the food problem will be solved.

Despite any possible food surplus, professional bay windows will be definitely taboo this season. After

the ordeal of teaching, the poor professors will be obliged to go home and use any surplus energy on the garden. The fact that hoeing temporarily ruins the golfing form will not cause them to shirk their duty. Vegetables will not thrive unless they have attention, and one must eat; so it will not be uncommon to see a faculty member out in the heat performing the necessary operations, possibly with a volume of Keats or "How to Garden in Ten Easy Lessons" in one hand and a hoe in the other.

Dr. Stroupe has already spent much energy in the garden that he and the McDonalds share. Mr. Mac has not been concerned with the physical labor, but he looks forward with mixed emotions to the time later (much later, he hopes) when he will go forth with rake and hoe. There is a scarcity of hired-help and everybody plans to do his own work—that is, unless he, like Dr. Poteat, has a strong dislike for gardening.

The weather has not been favor-

able to gardening this spring. The persistent cold hindered the growing process, and storms did much damage, especially to fruit. Attempts to have an early garden have not proved successful thus far. Professor Gay planted an early variety of tomatoes which he covered with hot caps (small tent-like structures) for protection. In spite of the frosty weather several plants survived, and banning any further mishaps, he will have a few early tomatoes. Mr. Patterson will probably have the first corn in the neighborhood, for his was planted very early, while the Easleys' peas have a head start on the others.

Some villainous moles played hide-and-go-seek in the Cocke garden and in the process pushed many young seed completely up. Later in the season, the usual hazards will appear, a swarm of birds will eat anything that suits their fancy, not to mention the weeds and morning glories.

It's only the beginning, profs, it's only the beginning, but we're betting on you. We know you and your seed will come out on top.



He Wanted to be an Editor

(Continued from page 10)



came to him as a member of the staff; but his was a thirst that only cracking the whip over a hustling staff could quench. He must move forward. He applied himself to his task more diligently than ever. He studied the publication, its weak spots and its strong points, and he reached conclusions which he knew

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would make it a better news organ. He burned the candle at both ends.

Industriousness can not be overlooked—and it was not overlooked. His editor made him associate, and he worked all the harder. He dreamed—he prayed that his ambition would be fulfilled. The natural step followed. When the editor, renowned for his journalistic ability in his home town, was offered a position on a county weekly with a salary of fourteen dollars and thirty-three cents a week, he left school to take it. The sun of opportunity burst before our Hero and he bathed himself in its brightness. The crowning achievement of his life had come.

To his staff he planned to say: "Oh, stand aside you mice—make way for your master! All hail the emperor!" He was an editor at last. A dream, a dream of years, was fulfilled. Proudly he beamed at the staff of five people that first press night as they whipped loose copy from stubborn typewriters. He tilted his head back a little and chuckled triumphantly to himself. Editors before him had warned him that it was a tough job, that it was a thankless job, that the masses, the human knew no appreciation for the product of sleepless nights, sweat, blood, and tears—the college publication.

Again he chuckled to himself. They must be wrong. They had to be wrong. People weren't that stupid. People respected editors. People respected publications. People were appreciative. Labor was not futile. Nothing was vain. There was glory and prestige, and glory reigned supreme.

Oh, why did our Hero turn to look at that passing bird or the shapely woman—why did he miss his calling? What right had he to deserve the fate that was to await him? Disillusionment hovered like a menacing cloud above him.

The day his first issue came out, he strolled proudly into the postoffice and beamed smilingly to the students he passed as he entered. They looked at him quizzically and shrugged their shoulders. He felt sick when he saw several copies of his paper gaping from the postoffice waste baskets. There had been no more than there had on any previous

day, but why should there be any this time?

To make things worse, he was unable to tell any difference in the way students spoke to him as he passed them on the campus. Didn't they know about his recent promotion? Or just didn't they care?

He got over his disappointment somewhat as time went on, and as issues passed he found that his was not the glorious life he had dreamed. The only shift in attitude in his public came when his publication failed to appear on time. Then a dozen or so students would approach him and wonder what the hell's the matter.

So the weeks glided by and the semester drew to a close. His year was done. His job was done, and to the best of his ability. A friend, chatting with him shortly before graduation, one day asked him, "I say, chum, watcha going to do when the war's over?"

The reply came slowly, as he solemnly faced the inquirer: "Teach high school, I guess."

Strictly Incidental

(Continued from page 2)

Welch was doing a hospitalization stretch in the college infirmary when he first met Phil Sparrow, a member of the class of 1943. Their beds were alongside each other. They became close friends, and Welch influenced his ward mate to join Kappa Sigma.

Several months ago, Welch was again laid up in a hospital, this time on a South Sea island. One day while lying there thinking of Wake Forest days, a wounded man was brought in and placed on the cot next to him. It was brother Sparrow. And it was the first time the two had met since they left Wake Forest at the close of school in 1941.

Three deaf Englishmen were riding through England on a train. As they came to a town one said, "Ah, this is Wembley."

"No," said the second, "this is Thursday."

Said the third, "So am I. Let's get off and have a Scotch and soda."

—Voo Doo.

Teacher: Archie, do you want to leave the room?

Archie: You don't think I am standing here hitch-hiking, do you?
—Walaugan.

Officer: What's your name?

Draftee: Quizt Jones, sir.

Officer: Where'd you get that queer name, son?

Draftee: Well, sir, it was this way. When I was born, my dad came in and took one look at me and said to mom, "Lucy, let's call it Quizt!"

What did he say to the Dean when he was bounced?

He congratulated the school for turning out such fine men.

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried the epileptic out of his shop.

Then there's the girl who was so dumb that she thought the St. Louis Cardinals were appointed by the Pope.

Mother: What have you been doing all afternoon?

Son: Shooting craps, mother.

Mother: That must stop. Those little things have as much right to live as you have.

A Modern Proposal

(Continued from page 11)

completely unproductive. In the event of fecundity or sterility of such a union, however, the ultimate achievement will be laudable. We might expect any offspring to be so physically constructed and of such low intelligence that the greatest altercation would result in nothing more alarming than a tangle of horns in a meadow. The problem of war would thus be eliminated. If the union between the genus homo sapiens and genus bos should prove sterile, nothing more could be desired, for gradually the world would be depopulated and the peace and calm of a primeval emptiness would again cover the world.

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For Rent: One Diamond

(Continued from page 5)

for six seasons before entering the Army Air Corps. Rae Scarborough, after graduating in 1938, played with Chattanooga for three years and then made the grade with the Nationals, for whom he is still pitching. Willard Marshall starred for the 1939 Deacon frosh, then went to Atlanta for two years, and played with the New York Giants last season prior to enlisting in the Marine Corps. Tommy Byrne pitched for the Wake freshmen in 1938 and for the varsity in 1939 and 1940. He was with Newark in 1941 and last year, and this season he is playing with the New York Yankees.

When Coach Caddell resigned just before the start of the 1940 season, Murray Greason was named as his successor. Coach Murray's first year as Deacon baseball mentor proved successful as his nine captured the Big Five title and tied for the Southern Conference championship. The next season Wake Forest won eleven of their twenty games but finished third in the Big Five. Last season, playing an abbreviated schedule because of transportation difficulties, the Deacons won six and lost three against state competition and ended the season only to Carolina in the Big Five race.

And that is the story of baseball at Wake Forest up to the present. There is no team this year, and perhaps there will not be any here for several seasons. But when the war has been won, baseball will live again at Wake Forest, and Deacon diamond teams will once again be among the best in the South.

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